

## PHILADELPHIA



## REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

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*The Girl of the Mountains.*

(CONTINUED.)

FOR a moment she stood petrified with horror, then groped her way back to her room, took up the lamp, and trembling with dread and apprehension, returned to the cave, where the wretch lay weltering in his blood. She shuddered and screamed at the dreadful object before her; the idea of having murdered the man, run like a bolt of ice to her heart. Again she looked at him; he was not dead; he breathed; and his eyes still looked fierce and vengeful. Not all the turpitude of his actions, nor the dangers which had threatened herself, could reconcile her to the self-accusation of murder: she stood for a moment almost senseless with the shock, when instantly recollecting the peasant, she tottered down the broken fragments to seek his advice. When she came near the bottom, a faint exclamation made her halt, she extended her lamp, and beheld the poor man lying across the last stair. He had heard the scuffle, her screams, and dreading the outrages he supposed she was subjected to, urged by despair, with incredible pain he had dragged himself from the place he was fixed at, and reached the bottom stair; here his strength failed him, and he lay exhausted, incapable of either speaking or moving, till he beheld her descending; joy at seeing her safe, and fear lest she should fall over him, urged from him a feeble exclamation, which happily saved her.

She carefully got beside him, and assisting his efforts, raised him once more against

the wall; she then hastily related what had passed, declaring that she should be for ever miserable if the man died.

When a little recovered from the violent agitations he had endured, he besought her to be easy; the man deserved a thousand deaths for his many atrocious villainies.

"But," cried she, "his murder."

"Call it not murder," said he, "you wounded him in your own defence, in the dark: Did he not murder your father? Would he not have destroyed you?"

"Most true," answered she, sighing, "but I shall be for ever unhappy, notwithstanding his crimes."—Then recollecting herself, "I will return, and venture to look what is become of Lesare, I believe the villain has killed him."

"If so," said the peasant, "we have nothing to fear: you will find necessities, such as possibly may preserve my life."

This possibility made her spring from the ground, though his weakness, and the difficulty with which he spoke, permitted but little hope; yet willing to indulge it, she quickly re-ascended the steps, where the object of her terror and remorse again met her view; but the eyes were no longer animated, and he had ceased to breathe—the stroke was mortal, which she had blindly directed to his heart. She passed through the other cell; and there beheld Lesare bleeding on the ground, though he had raised himself against the table, and was holding his hand pressed to his side.

Surprise and joy were visible in his looks; "You are safe, you are safe!" he repeated, in a tremulous, but in a tone of joy. "Where is Jacques?"

"Dead!" answered she, shrinking with terror as she spoke.

"Dead! and by you?"

"Yes, I wounded him in the dark; he is no more—and you are wounded also."

"But not mortally," said he, "could I staunch the blood, I think the blow is not mortal."

"Charity, humanity," said she, "urges me to save you." She got linen, bound up the wound, which was in his side, and placing some garments on the floor, assisted him to lay on them, a small distance from the fire; she gave him wine and water. He then directed her to a chest, where she would find some bottles of admirable balsam for the cure of wounds, and lint, and other proper bandages. This was indeed a prize to ADELAIDE, she could now carry aid to her poor peasant. She staid however, to give Lesare the assistance he required, and then hastened away with a bottle and linen to her other patient, regardless, in that moment, what conjectures Lesare might form on seeing her go off with the things. She bathed the wound, the shoulders, back and arms of the poor man, who was incapable of helping himself, and then applying linen steeped in the balsam, she left him with an assurance that she would get warm clothing to lay under him, and some proper food.

When she had done all that was necessary, and found by Lesare's watch that it was midnight, and that they ought to be left to rest; she retired to her dismal cell and wretched bed, fatigued, faint and spiritless; recollection returned most forcibly to her mind, with redoubled horror; she threw her eyes round the room; the gloom which the lamp only served to make visible conjured up a hundred fantastic images, and she every moment conceived shadows were flitting before her eyes, and that she heard the most dismal noises. Some hours she passed in this dreadful state, till sleep fell heavily upon her eye-lids, and for some time oblivion threw a veil over all her troubles.

For some hours she enjoyed uninterrupted rest, and when she awaked, found her strength recruited, and found her mind less agitated. She rose from her wretched bed, with confidence in the protection of heaven, and a mind of desperate composure to brave the dangers she expected. Her first visit was to the cavern below; she dragged a blanket from her bed for his accommodation; with equal surprise and pleasure, she beheld him capable of lifting up his head, and extending his hand to her.

"My good angel," said he "I am in heaven from the salutary effects of the balsam, which you administered with so much condescension. I have had rest, and do not doubt now, but that I shall recover."

She expressed her satisfaction without reserve, at the desirable change she observed, but quickly cried out, "Oh that I had been with my father, that I could now find him, and pour this balsam into his wounds."

"Spare yourself," said he, "remember that dear parent you lament, is no longer subject to pain or sorrow."

"Oh, no!" cried she, recovering at once by his well-timed observation, "No, adversity and heart-piercing grief can wound him no more, he is united to my angel mother, and both perhaps are now the guardian spirits of their friendless, unhappy ADELAIDE."

"Doubt not," said he, "but innocence and goodness like yours is heaven's peculiar care; exert your reason and fortitude, and I trust you will soon rise superior to the misfortunes that oppress your mind."

ADELAIDE was silent—after some time, she said, "Let me assist you on this blanket, I will then go to Lesare, and after return to you with more refreshments."

Agitated with many afflicting ideas, ADELAIDE ascended the steps, and returned to her cave, nor could she presently recover herself so as to visit Lesare. On entering his cave, she found him much better, and impatiently expecting her; she was now obliged to make the fire, and prepare breakfast for herself, as well as to assist him; he told her, in a few days he hoped to take that trouble upon himself, being convinced that his wound would soon be of no consequence, from the powerful effects of the balsam. "But," added he, "I observed you to carry off some of it, with bandages; I hope you were not hurt in your scuffle with Jacques."

"A slight hurt only," answered she, "a mere bruise, which I scarcely feel now." This satisfied him.

She took her breakfast, gave him some, and was again retiring.

"Is not this room more airy for you?" asked he.

"I do indeed want air," said she, "and will therefore walk to the outward cave."

Lesare replied not, but she saw that he looked concerned; of that she took no notice, but went through the aperture, and from thence to a small platform they had made as an entrance from this spot. She enjoyed an extensive prospect of mountains and valleys. Shut out from the light so long, her eyes could not immediately bear the dazzling rays of the glorious luminary, just rising above the eastern mountain; she looked with eager anxiety to trace the spot from whence she had been torn by the lawless ruffians, from a dying parent.

Overcome by a variety of contending emotions and distracting thoughts, she stood leaning against the side of the rock, unheeding of the time she had been there, when the sound of a voice startled her, and turning her head, she beheld Lesare on his hands and knees, at the entrance of the cave.

"How," cried she, "is it possible you could come so far?"

"Yes," replied he, "your long absence terrified me, I was fearful you had met with an accident, and my fears have dragged me here."

"I know not indeed," said she "how long I have been engaged by the variety of the prospects, and my own reflections, but you cannot be surprised that I should forget myself, when contemplating objects so new to me. Pray satisfy me in what direction is situated that cottage, where I have passed so many tranquil hours, and which has lately been made the grave of my happiness? Ah!" added she, weeping, "what had my poor father done to deserve death from your barbarous hands?"

"Not from mine," answered Lesare, "I killed him not, I thought not of him, you was the prize I sought for."

"How?" returned ADELAIDE, "me; how should you know me?"

"Return," said he, "to the cave, and I will acquaint you with every circumstance."

She followed in silence, reluctant to quit the light, and be secluded with such a companion. With difficulty he crept back, and both being seated, he related to her the encounter they had with her father; the oath exacted from him, and the offer of Lewis, one of their fellows, to accompany him to his dwelling. "When Lewis returned," continued he, "he dissipated our apprehensions, by assuring us the cottager had spoken truth, and lived in a solitary

hut, with a daughter, a mere child. I know not how it was, but the manner in which he mentioned this child, and the melancholy that took possession of his features, induced me to believe that he had concealed something from us. I watched him narrowly, and the following morning contrary to his usual custom, he offered to go out on the scout. I then mentioned my suspicions to Jacques; we traced him unseen to your cottage, and saw both you and your father conversing very friendly, and was charmed with your beauty.

Still keeping a watchful eye on him, we saw the bundle of things taken from our stock, and followed him a second time to and from you. We then determined to destroy him; accordingly, under a pretence of going down to a lower cavern to look at it, with a view to deposit our treasure, Jacques stabbed him at the entrance, and we threw him over the broken steps into that deep hole, where the body could be of no inconvenience to us. We then formed the plan of surprising your father, effectually to prevent him from betraying us, and to secure you.

You know we succeeded, though attended with some trouble, to bring you senseless to this place. Jacques was determined to have you that night, in spite of your illness; I was equally resolved to oppose him, for two reasons, one was because I pitied you, and the other, because I was contriving how to deliver you from him, get possession of my share of the riches here concealed, and to marry you where we could live happy and unobserved. On this we quarrelled; he wanted to break in upon you, I swore he should not, and before I could get within reach of any weapon, he wounded me, and flew to you. This is the whole affair; I saved you, and I love you; when I am well, we will leave this place together, we shall have riches enough, all I expect from you is, a solemn oath to marry me, and never mention the particulars of what has happened here.

ADELAIDE heard Lesare with equal horror and detestation, and when urged by him to reply to his proposition, she only desired time might be allowed to her for the diminution of her sorrows. She was extremely agitated; Lesare unexpectedly had opened his designs upon her; he had crept out of the room with some difficulty, 'twas true; but this balsam, so powerful in its effects, might in a day or two, render him formidable and dangerous: what then might become of her? Lewis, as he called the wounded peasant, was in a much more doubtful state, because of his bruises;



And who was this Lewis? he might be equally false, selfish, and wicked. Now she might escape from both; But where could she go? What further dangers might she not precipitate herself into? or she might starve in the mountains. Such were the tormenting ideas that obtruded on her mind.—She said she would retire for a few hours to her bed.

Lesare desired her to do so, as he would also like to rest, after the exertions he had made, which were yet too much for his strength."

She retired indeed, but not to rest; she was convinced her only chance of escaping from the evils she had to apprehend, was by flight, now when Lesare could not pursue her. After above two hours spent, in forming and rejecting many plans, she took courage to steal to the place where the robbers kept their wine, and got three bottles, with biscuits; she had before given Lewis the peasant a bottle of the balsam, and plenty of old cloth; she resolved to get some more things into her cave that night, convey the whole to him, sufficient she hoped, to preserve him from want, till his strength returned. Having, at length, fixed on her plan, she grew more composed; the step she meditated was a desperate one, but there was no alternative.

When ADELAIDE supposed Lesare at rest, she went down to the lower cavern; she took all the necessaries she had conveyed away at different periods, down to Lewis though she was obliged to return twice loaded from her cave.

Having arranged every thing so that he could assist himself—"Here," said she, "is a light, which must be very desirable to you; there is oil sufficient to last several days, and I will place your provisions in a dry place."

"How," cried he, "will you forsake me? Have I offended you? But indeed, how dare I expect that you should deprive yourself of rest, for a wretch like me!"

He spoke this in a tone so moving, that the gentle heart of ADELAIDE was touched. "I do not," said she, "regret the want of sleep, when I am of service to you; heaven will, I hope, soon restore you to act for yourself: but I have measures to observe, that may oblige me to give up my frequent visits, though I shall feel the same interest in your health and preservation, as if I was constantly with you."

Much agitated, she waited not for a reply, but left him, and ascended to her own cave. She threw herself on the bed, and courted sleep, to throw a temporary oblivion over the sorrows that oppressed her;

but she passed several hours in the most distressing reflections, before that balmy aid lulled her into a short forgetfulness of her woes; and when she awoke, she knew not the hour, or how long she had slept.

She passed into the cave where Lesare lay, and found him sitting up, leaning his head on his arm.

"Is it late?" said she, have you been long awake?"

"An hour or two," he replied, "I am glad you have slept so well."

She made no reply, but prepared breakfast, she hoped for the last time: to her great surprise, he was able to move about, though feebly, and his spirits seemed proportionably raised.

Trembling from the agitation of her mind, he asked, "Was she ill?"

"Not well," said she, "but will take a mouthful of air presently, which may recover me."

He could make no objection. This moment was a critical one; she went through the aperture to the outer cave, and giving one half drawn sigh to the memory of Lewis, without stopping on the platform, she turned round the side of the rock, from the entrance of the cave, and began to ascend the mountain with incredible resolution and speed, considering the weakness of her frame.

Her intention was to descend at some distance off, when out of observation from the cave, as she doubted not but Lesare would stretch his powers to the utmost, to reconnoitre the road below the mountain, where it was natural to suppose she would go; and indeed it was her fixed design to find her father's cottage.

She scrambled over the dreary and rocky hill, till fatigued and exhausted, she was compelled to rest. Here she looked round to see if any path-way led to a descent, or if she could observe any distant object, that might lead to the spot she wished to find. Nothing met her eye but an immense chain of hills, with here and there a valley between them. "Ah!" cried she, "what will become of me? Must I retrace my steps back? I see no other way of getting down—fool that I was to climb to this height: yet I will walk on, I may meet with some path-way; to return back is out of the question now. With a beating heart and fearful steps, she continued to proceed on the brow of the mountain. Many times she stopped to rest; as often she attempted to descend the hills, but the rocks were so craggy, and the footing so dangerous, that she was obliged to give up the fruitless effort, and pursue her way, hopeless, weary,

and exhausted. Thus she travelled on at different periods, till the day began to close; the sun had for several hours concealed its glories behind some heavy clouds that now seemed to roll portentous of an approaching storm.

"Oh!" cried she, stopping, and looking wildly round on the different things now fading from her sight; "What will become of the wretched ADELAIDE! thus exposed to the pitiless storm, the darkness of the night, and the dangers of the road!" she wept, and raised her imploring eyes to heaven. "The Supreme Judge of the World," said she, must be good and merciful, he will not desert a poor and friendless orphan, I will once more try to descend from the mountain before 'tis total darkness." With cautious steps, and holding by the fragments that here and there projected down, hanging like ruins, ready to crush all beneath them, and which she dreaded every moment to give way with her; she crept with equal toil and danger, a good way down the stupendous hill; when to her infinite surprise, and a joy that almost proved fatal to her, from the violence of her emotions, she discerned a little below, a similar platform to the robbers; a small low hut on it, and an old man standing at the entrance of it.

The horror of her situation suspended all other kind of apprehension; nor did she at that moment reflect that this also might be the abode of wicked men. She sent forth a piercing cry, which reached the ears of the person below; he turned and looked up; could distinguish a female hanging by the projected fragments, and apparently in imminent danger of tumbling headlong down the dreadful precipice.

His surprise gave way to humanity: he wasted not a moment in conjecture, but hastened to her relief; and knowing the different footings, he was presently with her.

"Gracious Father!" exclaimed he, "my child, what has befallen you? thou art preserved from inevitable destruction; hold by me and fear not."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PRINTING,

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*The Cockney.*

## A T A L E.

*Maggots indeed may come to FLIES,  
But never can to OXEN rise.*

A COCKNEY once, who wish'd to know,  
Ask'd—"from what source do oxen grow?  
Was told that beef, set in the ground,  
Would with young oxen soon abound.  
The Cit believ'd,—took it for granted,  
Nor slept until some beef he'd planted;  
When this he'd done, with joyful heart  
Unto his wife did thus impart:

"My dear—we now need toil no more  
"For beef,—as I shall soon have store;  
"I've just been planting in the ground,  
"The finest beef that can be found.  
"We shall no doubt have great encrease,  
"From planting such a fatten'd piece;  
"For I have tramp'd the markets thro'  
"To get a peice I thought would do.  
Next week the Cockney went to view,  
His fine old beef chang'd into new;  
When none appeared above the ground—  
But turning up the mould, he found  
Hundreds of oxen, as he thought,  
Planting this beef to life had brought.  
Ah! lucky hit for me, he cries,  
And to his spouse with speed he hies—  
"My dear!" says he:—with anxious look  
The wife with joy the news partook,  
Expecting something great to hear,  
Which he seemed eager to declare;  
But when the story he related,  
"Of rolling oxen quite inflated,"  
The wife being York, soon understood,  
That maggots only formed the brood.  
Then with flat fist came smacking round,  
She laid her husband on the ground;  
Saying,—“Of all fools I ever knew,  
"COCKNEYS I'm sure the world outdo."

*Derivation of the word COCKNEY.*

The word Cockney is said to be derived from the following circumstance, and therefore applied to citizens born and educated in London, as descriptive of their extreme ignorance of the world, but more especially of the operations of nature in general.—The story runs thus:

A citizen of London on a day took a walk a little way into the country, in company with his son (a youth of about twelve years old) who had never seen the country before; and in their perambulation, they were saluted by the neighing of a horse;—the son asked the father, what the horse said? The sire (much pleased with the inquisitive turn of his son) informed him, that the horse did not speak, but only neighed.

Walking a little further, he espied a hen nestling her brood of chickens, when he asked his papa, "if the hen suckled all "them chickens at once?" but before he could obtain the necessary information on this head, old Chanticleer, the cock, in strutting majesty, flapped his wings and crowed, when the youth (with ready recollection of what the horse had done) cried out, "O! papa, the cock is neighing."

Hence the citizens, born in London, have obtained the title of *Cockneigh*, now corrupted into the word *Cockney*.

R. W.

## WASHINGTON'S MANSION.

MOUNT Vernon, the celebrated seat of our late President Washington, is pleasantly situated on the Virginia bank of the river Patomak, where it is nearly two miles wide, and is about 230 miles from the sea, and 127 from Point Look-out, at the mouth of the river. It is nine miles below Alexandria. The area of the mount is 200 feet above the surface of the river. On either wing, is a thick grove of different flowering forest trees. Parallel with them on the land side, are two spacious gardens, into which one is led by two serpentine gravel walks, planted with weeping willows and shady shrubs. The mansion house itself appears venerable and convenient. A lofty portico 96 feet in length, supported by 8 pillars, has a pleasing effect when viewed from the water; the whole assemblage of the green-house, school-house, offices and servants' halls, when seen from the land side, bears a resemblance to a rural village; especially as the lands on that side are laid out somewhat in the form of English gardens, in meadows and grass grounds, ornamented with little copses, circular clumps, and single trees.

A small park on the margin of the river, where the English fallow deer and the American wild deer are seen through the thickets, alternately with the vessels as they are sailing along, add a romantic and picturesque appearance to the whole scenery.

Such are the philosophic shades to which the late commander in chief of the American armies retired, from the tumultuous scenes of a busy world.

Mor. Geog.

TO lose the friendship and the esteem we had for any one, is, to a feeling heart, the most displeasing occurrence in life. The ideas that crowd into the mind on such an occasion are innumerable, and not one of them is of the agreeable sort.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

## A CARD.

A GENTLEMAN, who has genius, read to some purpose, and possesses considerable abilities, wishes to become a Co-partner in trade, with Messrs. Comma and Dactyle, "wit mongers and verse makers:" he can produce an unexceptionable character, as to honesty, secresy, and industry; and will bring with him into the firm, as "his portion of stock," a great variety of modern poetry, never published; also "a compendious critical system," or a "new way of laughing out of countenance all miserable pretenders to criticism, and composition:" and a work entitled, "a biographical account of those, who have attempted to speak in publick, and were laughed at—such as have wrote, but have been laughed at—and such as are afraid to write, and speak, least they should be laughed at:" and a number of other ingenious, sensible, and important things, all of which he has been at a great deal trouble in compiling.

He flatters himself, the firm will find a valuable acquisition in such a partner; he waits for Messrs. Comma and Dactyl's determination, and expects they will take notice of their humble servant,

WALTER ANXIOUS.

## GARRICK and JUNIUS.

During the zenith of Junius's fame, and when all the world were in full cry to identify the man, Mr. Garrick conceived an idea that he had discovered the person, and in consequence wrote to Mr. Ramus, the king's page, to call on him at his house at the Adelphi. When Mr. Ramus came, they had a private interview, and Mr. Garrick told him, with profound caution, the essential information he should convey to the king, relative to the unknown defender of our liberties. On the ensuing day Mr. Garrick received the following note:

"SIR,

"I admit your perspicuity in managing the affairs of the Drama—but your attempts to discover me are vain and nugatory. I shall take leave of you now, by assuring you, that when I have done with real monarchs, I shall begin with mock potentates, of which you shall form the head. Till then adieu.

JUNIUS."

Mr. Garrick was accustomed to relate this anecdote with marks of astonishment and apprehension.

A. Pasquin.



FROM THE SHOP OF  
*Comma & Dactyle.*

HOWEVER disagreeable it may be, to apply the lash to those loungers we meet on the common road of science, yet is it necessary, and though the creatures may wince, correction is still salutary—Possessing this opinion, we are willing to DE-BASE ourselves, by replying to two communications in your last number..... FIRST on the list (great mammoth of literature) appears meek-ey'd CANDOUR, with some "few observations," deploring the oppression of "injur'd merit." This sniveller, after whining a few exclamations, tapers off under the appearance of Candour.—Gentle Reader, command thy risible faculties, when we inform you, that this self same placid Candour, is no other than the mongrel Essayist, whom duty urged us to correct a short time since—"Tell it not in Gath! publish it not in the streets of Askalon!"—To stand aloof in the public walks, and sound the trumpet of thine own fame, sweet Candour! was not a very modest act, however fashionable.—To disjoint the horrid mass of deformity thrown together in his communication, would prove a loathsome task, we are therefore again induced to advise, rather than condemn—Candour! throw by the quill, apply thyself to the Horn Book, and when sufficiently advanced in your study, answer us, (as law seemeth to be thy food,)

"Whether by common law, or civil,  
A man goes soonest to the devil?"

—"Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves."

START not, Knight of the "rueful countenance," we dread not thy vengeance, nor imprecate thy wrath—though thy dulcinea hath destroyed thy peace, throw off the garb of woe, put on the mantle of reason, and let not the sun go down upon thy wrath.....When the ravings of this love-lorn madman, first intruded upon the public eye, we were inclined to pity, thinking that the waste of the moon, might restore his perturbed mind to its proper temperature.—Time rolled on without effecting any perceptible alteration, and he still continued periodically to vomit something "so unfashionably shap'd, that ev'n the dogs bark'd at them, as they halted by." As yet the thong of satire was withheld, and the inflated animal roam'd uncorrect-

ed. Justice then demanded, and compell'd thereto, we ventur'd to counsel this man of froth, when lo! terrible to relate, he again broke forth under the signature of A. .... Good-natured reader, we will not pursue this reptile in his narrow-minded invective, we will not scourge him through the labyrinth of animadversion; we will not follow him through his rank compilation, tearing our flesh with the briars of bad grammar; but suffer this assassin of the English language to blow his blast, and die in peace.....The wretch in his ravings seemeth not to comprehend, that a man may be "sophistical by nature."—Perverseness of disposition! sufficiently accounted for, when we recollect the state of his imagination—Were we to say, Alonzo and Candour are *ideots* by nature, it would clearly imply they are both natural fools—this position is so well founded, that Candour's attempt to prove the reverse, would not be attended with greater success, than that produc'd, by his late dire combat with Mr. Godwin.....Adieu, ye favor'd sons of science, may your garrets be preserved from the ominous screech of the owl, and each, and every one of you be restor'd to that quietude, which the witch Canidia hath depriv'd you of.

=====  
*An Account of Confucious,*  
THE CELEBRATED CHINESE PHI-  
LOSOPHER.

THIS celebrated philosopher was born in the kingdom of Lou, which is at present in the province of Chan, 551 years before the birth of Christ. He was contemporary with Pythagoras, and a little before Socrates. He was but three years old when he lost this father, who had enjoyed the highest offices of the kingdom of Long.

Confucious did not grow in knowledge by degrees, as children usually do, but seemed to arrive at reason and the perfection of his faculties almost from his infancy. He took no delight in playing, running about, and such amusements as were proper for his age. He had a grave and serious deportment, which gained him respect, and plainly foretold what he would one day be. But what distinguished him most, was his unexampled and exalted piety. He honoured his relations; he endeavoured in all things to imitate his grandfather, who was then alive in China, and a most holy man. And it was observahle, that he never ate any

thing but he prostrated himself on the ground and offered it first to the Lord of heaven.

One day, while he was a child he heard his grandfather fetch a deep sigh; and going up to him with much reverence, "May I presume," says he, "without losing the respect I owe you, to enquire into the occasion of your grief? Perhaps you fear that your posterity should degenerate from your virtue, and dishonour you by their vice." What put this thought into your head, says his grandfather to him; and where have you learnt to speak in this manner? "From yourself," replied Confucius. "I attend diligently to you every time you speak; and I have often heard you say, that a son, who does not by his virtue support the glory of his ancestors, does not deserve to bear their name."

After his grandfather's death, Confucious applied himself to a celebrated doctor of his time; and soon made a vast progress into antiquity.—This love of the ancients very nearly cost him his life, when he was no more than 16 years of age: for falling into discourse one day about the Chinese books, with a person of high quality, who thought them obscure, and not worth the pains of searching into: "The books you despise," says Confucius, "are full of profound knowledge, which is not to be attained but by the wise and learned; and the people would think cheaply of them, could they comprehend them of themselves. This subordination of spirits, by which the ignorant are dependent upon the knowing, is very useful, and even necessary to society. Were all families equally rich, and equally powerful, there could not subsist any form of government; but there would happen yet a stranger disorder, if all men were equally knowing; for then every one would be for governing, and none would think themselves obliged to obey. Some time ago, added Confucius, an ordinary fellow made the same observation about the books as you have done; and from such a one, indeed, nothing better could be expected; but I admire that you, a doctor, should thus be found speaking like one of the lowest of the people." This rebuke had the good effect of silencing the mandarine; yet it so irritated at the same time, as it came from almost a boy, that he would have revenged it by violence, if he had not been prevented.

[To be concluded in the next number.]

A MAN may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend you may think yourself happy.



## ANSWER

To the Question respecting the 4000 Nuts,  
which appeared in the 13th Number of  
the Repository, by a youth of about  
TEN years of age.

GRANT, learned quierist, a youth of ten,  
To crack the nuts, design'd, no doubt for  
men:

And, lest by some suspected as a cheat,  
I think it best to shew the work complete.

$\frac{2}{3}$  of  $\frac{2}{3}$  of 4000 = 1666 $\frac{2}{3}$ , Mad Tom's share;  
Then 4000 - 1666 $\frac{2}{3}$  = 2333 $\frac{1}{3}$  left.  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  of  $\frac{1}{3}$  of 2333 $\frac{1}{3}$  = 583 $\frac{1}{3}$  Ned's share;  
Then 2333 $\frac{1}{3}$  - 583 $\frac{1}{3}$  = 1750 left.  
 $\frac{1}{10}$  of  $\frac{1}{10}$  of 1750 = 104 $\frac{1}{4}$  Jack's share;  
Then 1750 - 104 $\frac{1}{4}$  = 708 $\frac{3}{4}$  left.  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  of  $\frac{1}{4}$  of 708 $\frac{3}{4}$  = 132 $\frac{3}{4}$  Dolly's share;  
Then 708 $\frac{3}{4}$  - 132 $\frac{3}{4}$  = 575 $\frac{3}{4}$  Answer.

## PROOF.

1666 $\frac{2}{3}$  + 583 $\frac{1}{3}$  + 104 $\frac{1}{4}$  + 132 $\frac{3}{4}$  + 575 $\frac{3}{4}$  =  
4000.

After the above was handed in, the following  
was received from a less fortunate arithmetic-  
tition.

FRIEND Editor, I did intend  
To crack thy nuts, and then to send  
To thee the kernels—but alack!  
With my weak jaws, I could not crack  
Four thousand nuts; nor what were left,  
To the poor boy, who was bereft  
Of such a portion of his store;  
My head was rack'd with counting o'er  
The many nuts the Madman stole,  
I fear'd I'd even crack'd my poll.  
I saw my calculating folly,  
Before I got as far as Dolly,  
And had I not retir'd to bed  
I might have grown as bad as Ned.  
But knowing some have heads not blocks,  
I shall present a paradox:  
If it thy paper won't disgrace,  
In this week's number give it place—  
Should room be scarce, then by and by  
Let it appear, their skill to try.  
Who may incline to solve the doubt,  
And clearly make the matter out.

## PARADOX.

Twice one I'll fairly prove makes none,  
Twice two just one, no more;  
Twice four, I say, makes eight and one,  
Although, twice three but four.  
To make sixteen, twice five I fix;  
Why should it not be so?  
When but twice six, by the same tricks,  
Makes more than twenty-two.

T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

A third answer has likewise been received,  
accompanied with a few more NUTS to crack,  
which will be presented in a future number.

## The Temple of Hilarity.

IT is a general custom, and has existed  
almost since the memory of man, for barbers  
to adorn their shops with pictures and  
charicatures. An Irishman speaking on this  
subject, observed, "That it was his opin-  
ion that if Adam, whilst he was a single  
man, had been a journeyman barber, he  
would have adorned his shop with charicature  
to amuse his customers.

## ANECDOTE OF MONTESQUIEU.

A Lady rather fond of gallantry and re-  
markably talkative, happening to be one  
day in company with MONTESQUIEU, ask-  
ed him a thousand impertinent questions,  
to which he scarcely deigned to return any  
answer. This great man at length losing  
all patience, on her asking what happiness  
was, replied, "Happiness, Madam, is  
"fruitfulness to queens, sterility to un-  
"married women, and deafness to those  
"who are near you."

## REPARTEE OF A CONVICT.

The keeper of Newgate prison, (Con-  
necticut) lately inspecting some nails made  
by the convicts under his care, reprimand-  
ed one by the name of O'BRIAN, an Irish-  
man, for neglecting to make good heads to  
his nails, at the same time selecting one  
that was well executed, and presenting it  
to him, asked why the heads were not all e-  
qually as good as that? The poor fellow,  
somewhat embarrassed, scratching his head,  
replied, "Why, sir, if all our heads had  
been made one as good as another, perhaps  
we should not all of us been here, good  
major."

## From the Athenian Oracle.

Q. Why is YAWNING catching?

A. Perhaps upon examination it will be  
found to be the most natural act of the  
passions, if they are at all concerned in it;  
for I can yawn when I please, but cannot  
laugh, cry, &c. when I please, although  
very near the same contraction of the mus-  
cles happens to laughing and yawning.  
Mankind are sympatic, one person's laugh-  
ing may provoke another's, although the  
second perhaps knows not the reason why  
the first laughs; therefore it is no wonder  
why a lesser action is sympathetic, when  
a greater of the same nature is, the rea-  
son of which only lies in the parity of na-  
ture.

## The Monitor.

## PIETY.

MAN alone is capable of stretching his  
ideas beyond this sublunary world, and of ex-  
periencing in any degree the consolations of  
piety. He alone can form an idea of an Al-  
mighty Benificent Being, who delights in  
conferring happiness on all his creatures. It  
is man alone, who, in contemplating the  
divine perfections, feels it impossible to  
withhold that spontaneous homage and  
grateful adoration which constitutes the es-  
sence of true piety. From this source he  
derives a consolation in all afflictions, and a  
solace in every distress. When mankind,  
through ignorance or error, forsake or con-  
temn him; when all before him is darkness,  
and a gloomy foreboding of future distress  
impresses his mind with a melancholy tend-  
ing to despair, he then flies to this Supreme  
Being for relief. He pours forth his soul at  
the throne of mercy, and if conscious of rec-  
titude of mind, he exults in the internal per-  
ception, that though all created beings  
should unjustly blame him, yet to the uner-  
ring Judge of all the universe, to whose all-  
seeing eye the inmost thoughts of his heart  
have been open at all times, their testimony  
availeth nothing. His weakness he feels;  
and the accidental deviations from purity  
which the frailties of mortality have indu-  
ced, he sincerely deplores. To man is thus  
opened up an unfailing source of consola-  
tion, of which no human power can deprive  
him. In the depth of the severest affliction,  
he can look up to his God and protector  
with comfort. From the darkness of the  
closest dungeon his voice will be heard; and  
while surrounded with every possible dis-  
tress, he can look forward with tranquillity  
to that awful event which shall put a final  
period to his earthly sufferings, and admin-  
ister to him an entrance into the mansions  
of the blessed.

To Mrs. M. G—, of this City, on listening  
to her singing some of HANDEL's Music.

What dulcet symphonious sounds,  
Enchantingly thrill on the ear!  
What sweetness of music abounds!  
Oh! cou'd but a Handel be here!

Tho' rapture to rapture ensue,  
And next to Apollo he seem;  
He more is indebted to you,  
Than you are indebted to him.

His notes are constructed by art,  
And often, tho' elegant, pall:  
But yours ever thrilling the heart,  
Are nature and melody all.

AMYNTOR.

# PHILADELPHIA, February 21.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Upon a closer examination of the letter signed "*Octavius*," it is deemed improper for publication. The writer does not seem to want either wit or invention; but, in the present instance, his wit has certainly *sunk below the mark*.

"*Stanza*" was prepared for this number, but unavoidably postponed.

"*R. W.*" is entitled to the thanks of the editor. His communications will all be inserted in due time.

Anecdotes of the late *Dr. Witherspoon* shall have a place as soon as possible.

"*An odd way of equalizing odd and even*," "*Delia*," &c. will appear next week.

A number of other communications are received, and though not particularly noticed, will be carefully attended to.

\* \* Correspondents are requested to take notice, that all *questions, riddles, paradoxes, &c.* must in future be accompanied with answers, otherwise they cannot be inserted.

✂ A LETTER BOX is affixed to the window of the store.

## A CARD.

The Young Ladies of Philadelphia present their respectful compliments to "A Friend to the Fair Sex," and hope that, in pursuance of his promise, he will, at his leisure hours, develop, through the medium of the Philadelphia Repository, his proposed plan of female education; as they trust they are yet open conviction, and willing to amend.

Feb. 20th, 1801.

## ELECTION OF PRESIDENT.

After a week of painful anxiety to the public mind, the momentous question is at length decided.—On Thursday last, news arrived in town, announcing the Election of THOMAS JEFFERSON, Esq. President of the United States, for four years, commencing from the 4th of March ensuing.—The votes of the States were as follows:

For T. Jefferson—New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, Georgia, Tennessee, North-Carolina, Maryland, (4 votes and 4 blanks) and Vermont, (1 vote and 1 blank).

For A. Burr—Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode-Island. Delaware, blank; South-Carolina, no vote.

## WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.

The Senate of the United States have passed the bill that originated in the House of Representatives, for erecting a Mausoleum to G. Washington, with amendments that entirely alter the provisions of the bill.

Instead of directing the erection of a Mausoleum, they direct the erection of a Monument, for which they appropriate 50,000 dollars, and appoint John Marshall, Bushrod Washington, John E. Howard, and Tobias Lear, commissioners to carry the erection into effect.

## NEW-YORK, Feb. 17.

"This morning arrived here the schr. Regulator, capt. Campbell, in 26 days from Cape Francois. A French gentleman who came passenger in the schooner, informs of the arrival there of a French schooner of 12 guns, in 28 days from L'Orient, with news of the Congress at Luneville moving to Paris—there was every prospect of a peace between Austria and France. Count Cobentzel, with the Russian minister, had also arrived at Paris, and one from England expected.

A few days since, a promising child of 3 years of age, son of capt. Dickinson, of this city, being left at home by his parents in the evening, his clothes accidentally caught fire, (supposed by a candle) and burnt him in a most shocking manner—although medical assistance was immediately obtained, he expired in 24 hours after.

## NASHWILL, Jan. 7.

On Thursday Evening, as a Mr. McMillin was returning home from the Town of Franklin, in Williamson County, he lost his way by the snow having filled the road. He rambled thro' a cane-brake, till he arrived within half a mile of his own house, where he perished with cold. He was heard to call a number of times, by a neighbour, who supposing it to be some of the hunters collecting together, did not go to his assistance. He has left a wife and four small children to lament his untimely fate.

By the schooner Hannah, which arrived at Marblehead, on Saturday last, in 61 days from Bilboa, we learn, that the fever at Cadiz, continued to rage violently; that 800 had died in a week;—and that no American vessel was permitted to an entry, until she had performed quarantine 40 days.

The finest cloves which have been imported into England lately, are the produce of the Island of Ternate, the principal of the Moluccas.—This island likewise abounds in fine almonds. The nutmeg, covered with mace, is the growth of Banda, and produced on these islands only.

The Brig Experiment, Bailey, bound to Martinique, has been cut through by the ice, and sunk at Newcastle.

By a letter from Lancaster of the 18th inst. it appears that Peter Mulenberg is elected Senator for this State in the room of William Bingham.

## Marriages.

MARRIED—By Robert Wharton, esq. Mr. Thomas Rose, merchant, to Miss Rebecca Priest, both of this City.

—By the Rev. Mr. Linn, Mr. Samuel Kennedy, to Miss Rose Cary, both of this City.

—By the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. David Cowdin, to Miss Jane Stewart, both of Germantown.

—By the Rev. Dr. Stones, Robinson C. Sapphy, of Abington Township, to Miss Rushina Maria Whitten, daughter of Roger Whitten, esq. of Springfield Township, Montgomery County.

—At Albany, by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, Joseph Alston, esq. of South-Carolina, to Miss Theodosia Burr, only child of Aaron Burr, esq.

## Deaths.

DIED—In the 70th years of his age, Mr. Samuel Harvey, of this City.

—At Waynesborough, (Georgia) Doctor James Boyd Sharp, a native of Pennsylvania, and member of the Cincinnati.

—David Austin, esq. late collector of the Customs for the district of New-Haven, in the 69th year of his age.

✂ The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository will please to take notice, that their fourth payment of 25 Cents will be collected by the Carriers on Saturday next.



## TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COME Thalia gay, I call on you;  
Melpomene, adieu! adieu!  
For now I'll sing a sprightly strain,  
I'm free from love, and free from pain.

Laura, no more I'll mope forlorn,  
The object of thy cruel scorn:  
The film is gone, and now I see,  
A thousand maids as fair as thee.  
I'll dance amid the festive throng,  
Or chaunt some bachanal song;  
From Bet to Sue, I'll skip and run,  
Nor fix my thoughts on any one.  
No more to Cupid bend the knee,  
But thank my stars that I am free.

Ah love! when late a slave to you,  
Drear blasts in every zephyr blew:  
But now I've broke thy tyrant chain,  
Each blast, brings zephyrs back again.  
Those gloomy clouds that threaten'd storms,  
Now shew ten thousand beauteous forms,  
Their varied tints once more I see,  
And thank my stars that I am free.

When spring's mild breath dissolves the  
snows,  
And every stream melodious flows;  
I'll range the meads and cull the flow'rs,  
And laugh away the fragrant hours.  
My cheeks shall wear the rose's bloom;  
My breath shall steal its sweet perfume,  
I'll form a wreath for Liberty,  
And thank my stars that I am free.

When Phoebus pours a sultry beam;  
I'll dash amid some cooling stream,  
That winding where the poplar grows,  
O'er golden sands pellucid flows;  
Or listen, as I stray along,  
To shepherd's pipe, or maiden's song;  
And when the sun reclin'd at west,  
Paints on each hill, a golden crest,  
And gives to every virgin's face,  
A softer tint, a sweeter grace;  
With them, I'll trip it o'er the lee,  
And thank my stars that I am free.

If dews should fall at evening's close,  
In some sweet grot, I'll find repose.  
While lovers weep, by Cynthia's light,  
In fairy dreams I'll spend the night;  
And when the morning sun appears,  
The linnet's song shall charm my ears;  
Or if the mock-bird strains his throat,  
I'll echo back his mimic note.  
Careless to every female grace,  
I'll even laugh in Laura's face.—

Ah no!  
—'twere death! her eyes' soft beam  
E'en now dissolves this fairy dream:—  
See! the delusion flies away!—  
Stay! vision dear! one moment stay!—  
'Tis gone! and with it fades the light,  
The scene is clos'd! and all is night.

But ah! whence beams the new-born day,  
This heavenly light! this ambient ray?—  
'Tis Laura comes! she comes again;  
Despair and Death are in her train;  
On me they fix their eager veils—  
Ah Thalia gay! adieu! adieu!

DE LA RUE.

*The Story of PHŒBUS and DAPHNE*  
applied—By EDMUND WALLER, Esq.\*

Thirses, a youth of the inspired train,  
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:  
Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;  
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy:  
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,  
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might  
use:

Such is the chase when love and fancy leads  
O'er craggy mountains, and through flow'ry  
meads;

Invok'd to testify the Lover's care,  
Or form some image of his cruel fair.  
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,  
O'er those he fled; and now approaching  
near,

Had reach'd the nymph with his harmoni-  
ous lay, [stay:  
Whom all his charms could not incline to  
Yet when he sung in his immortal strain,  
Tho' unsuccessful, was not sung in vain—  
All, but the nymph that should redress his  
wrong.

Attend his passion and approve his song.  
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought  
praise,  
He catch'd at love—and fill'd his arm with  
bays.

\* Born 1605; died 1687.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

To Miss A—

Arabia's desert wilds I'd tread,  
Nor e'er grow faint nor weary,  
If on my journey I was led  
By my dear charmer, Mary.  
The world to me has lost its charms,  
Of all its joys I'm weary;  
I'll fly secure from its alarms,  
To my sweet charmer, Mary.  
Alas! but should she cruel prove,  
Of life I'll then be weary;

And, as I mourn my hopeless love,  
Still sigh—and think of Mary.  
But if I ever call her mine,  
My life will ne'er be weary;  
For love my heart shall still entwine,  
With that of my dear Mary.

## ADDRESS TO MY SEGAR.

Companion of my liesure hours,  
Sweet softner of my care;  
I court thy kind solacing aid,  
Thou fragrant, sweet Segar.

To thee I'll constantly apply,  
For thou art better far  
To sooth my cares, than fickle friends,  
Thou fragrant, sweet Segar.

When troubles press, or friends deceive,  
Or foes their hate declare;  
One quaff of thy sweet incense cures,  
Thou fragrant, sweet Segar.

When discontent prevails at home,  
Abroad destructive war!  
Thy kind exhilarating fumes  
Cure all, thou sweet segar.

With thee I can enjoy my friend  
And thou art better far,  
Than pompous hall, or drawing-room,  
Thou fragrant, sweet Segar.

'Tis thou that lullest all my cares,  
Drive on thy fiery carr;  
Perfume my cot with odours sweet,  
Thou fragrant, sweet Segar.

Shou'd wife's olfact'ry nerves reject,  
And curse thy incens'd air;  
Then, gently breathe thy sweet perfumes,  
Thou fragrant, sweet Segar.

R. W.

## TOO TRUE.

As Tom was one day in deep chat with  
his friend,  
He gravely advis'd him, his manners to  
mend;  
That his morals were bad he had heard  
it from many—  
They lie, replied Tom, for I never had  
any.

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four weeks; or three dollars a year to  
those who pay in advance—Subscribers at  
a distance either to pay in advance, or  
procure some responsible person in the  
city to become answerable for the money,  
as it becomes due.